

VARSITY DEBATING SOCIETY PLANS TO MAKE TOUR OF PROVINCE

Calgary and Intermediate Points Will Be Included

CLUB NOT TO SACRIFICE STANDARD DEBATING FIXTURES—EMPIRE AND INTERVARSITY DEBATES BOTH ARRANGED

This winter, if plans now under consideration by the executive of the University of Alberta Debating Society materialize, debating teams representing the University will tour the province to debate with teams representing local organizations in the various cities and towns throughout Alberta. Such an idea was first suggested by E. McCormick, now president of the Debating Society, and in the course of the past year has received considerable discussion, but until the present no action has been taken upon it.

Procedure somewhat similar to this has been followed for many years by the Extension Department of the University, but this is the first time that its scope has been extended to the student body. It is the hope of the executive of the Debating Society that this plan will help to bring the student organizations of the University in more direct contact with the people of the province in the same way that the Extension Department has brought the organization of the University proper. There has been a feeling in the minds of many that many of the current criticisms of the student body have been due to an ignorance on the part of the taxpayers of the activities of the Students' Union, and it is hoped that this plan will rectify the situation.

The general details of the scheme, as explained by the President of the Debating Society, Ed. McCormick, is as follows. Circulars setting forth the scheme more or less in detail are being sent to local organizations in some twenty or thirty towns and cities throughout the province. These groups will be asked to guarantee expenses for the teams while on the road. Mr. McCormick emphasized the fact that these organizations would not be asked to guarantee any other expenses, as this is not a money-making scheme. But he pointed out on the other hand, that it is to be carried out without any additional expense to the Students' Union. As envisioned at present, the plan calls for the grouping of towns together into circuits, somewhat analogous to Chataqua circuits. Thus, if two or three towns in one district signify their willingness to co-operate, those towns will be grouped into one circuit, and a team sent to debate in all of those towns on one trip. This will be attended by one great advantage, in that it will materially reduce the expenses that will be charged against each separate town, and will reduce the necessary guarantee to a figure well within the means of even a small community. Inasmuch as such a tour would take a good deal of a student's time, and in order to spread the debates over as large a number of students as possible, it is planned, if a sufficiently large number of teams can be assembled, to send a particular team out on the road only once during the course of the winter. Such travelling debating teams will consist of two men each.

It is contemplated that the first trip to be arranged under this plan will be one to Calgary, possibly stopping off at one or two intermediate points between Edmonton and Calgary. This debate in Calgary is regarded as being probably the most important of the debates under the proposed program. President Wallace and Dr. MacEachran have signified their wholehearted approval of the Debating Club's plan, and the idea has been heartily endorsed by Mr. Corbett of the University of Alberta Extension Department. As the details of this plan are developed and the organization of it is got under way, there will doubtless be a great deal more interesting news concerning it. In addition to this ambitious program, however, the Debating Society plans to carry on the usual standard debating fixtures as they have been held in the past. The first of these is the Imperial Debate, which is sponsored by the N.F.C.U.S., in which debaters from prominent universities in

the old country are brought out to Canada to debate with representatives of various Canadian universities. This debate will be held in Convocation Hall on Thursday, Nov. 17, the subject being "Resolved that Democracy has been proved in the past ten years to be a failure." The visiting team is upholding the negative side of the resolution. Mr. McCormick announces that this year the price of admission has been cut to twenty-five cents for high school and university students, but remains fifty cents for all others as previously. A thirty-piece symphony orchestra has been obtained for the evening.

In addition, the Intervarsity debates will be held later in the year, some time during the spring term. This year Alberta travels to Manitoba, and the Debating Society executive hopes to arrange debates for our team in Moose Jaw, Regina, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, etc., on the way.

Further details concerning the Imperial Debate will appear next week, and details of the projected scheme for sending travelling teams throughout the province will appear at a later date when arrangements are more fully completed.

Free Press Turned Over To Manitoban Staff

COLLEGE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS AT WINNIPEG TRY THEIR HAND AT GETTING OUT A REAL NEWSPAPER

The staff of the Manitoban had a big day Friday when the presses of the Winnipeg Free Press Evening Bulletin were turned over to them to get out the paper. The college reporters combed the city for news, and prepared the whole paper for publication. It was a sixteen-page edition, and represented a lot of work. The object of this unusual proceeding was to give the University newspaper staff an insight into the workings of a great city newspaper.

The Manitoban reporters raked the city in company with the regular Free Press reporters, covering all the varied branches of the big daily. University students were assigned to the financial, sport, police, city hall, hotels, railway stations, society and all the other fields that go to provide the reading material for its thousands of subscribers.

An opportunity was given students to interview prominent men, butterfly collectors and police sergeants. The mysteries of reading copy and writing heads was a part of their initiation. The impressions of the Manitobans can be best expressed in their own words:

We are reporters on the Free Press. We don't know anything about it, but we are! Just for today! This editorial room is a queer place. A lot of men sit around in shirt-sleeves and frantically pound typewriters. Paper is all over the desks, and on the floor. A little doo-jigger

PROF. OTTEWELL ADDRESSES AGS.

"Changing Rural Society" Subject—Club Plans for Year Outlined by President

At 4:30 p.m. Monday, Oct. 31, members of the Agriculture Club assembled in full force in Room 111 Arts Building. Tea and cake provided by the club pacified, for a while, the pangs of hunger which generally assail the active "Aggie" at this time of day. The President, Mr. Putnam, outlined activities planned for the year.

The rule regarding "off-campus" functions restricts the possibilities of the regular "Ag parties," but determinations were voiced to hold a dance in the near future in either Convocation Hall or St. Joseph's College.

Prof. A. E. Ottewell, genial Registrar of the University, then dealt with the subject "Changing Rural Society." He held that modern industrialization of agriculture required a more skilled type of technique to operate more complicated productive agents, and that consequently there exists today a larger percentage of persons incapable of adjusting themselves to the social and economic scheme. A reaction seems to be taking place at present against mechanization, but this certainly is only momentary, and the complication of

DENTISTRY CLUB CHOOSES EXECUTIVE

Harold Turner President-elect For 1932-33

Members of the University Dental Club held their first meeting of the year Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, at 4:30 p.m., in Room 164 Medical Building. Harold Turner presided over the well-attended meeting. The retiring secretary-treasurer read the financial report, which showed the club had been able to meet all last year's financial obligations.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Harold Turner; vice-president, Ernie Whitmore; sec.-treas., Dunc Stewart; second year representative, Bill Murray; first year representative, to be appointed; Year Book and press representative, Amy O'Neill.

All members were urged to pay their class fees "tout de suite." We might add that this was not a new departure from advice given previous years. Ed. Springbett and Bill Murray came out with the best suggestion of the evening, namely, that tea plus the frills that go with it be served at all subsequent meetings. The executive was left in charge of arrangements for an entertaining speaker to address the Dental Club at their next meeting, to be held Wednesday, Nov. 16th. All members are urged to see that their presence be considered a personal duty.

NOTICE

Students wishing refunds on their Year Book must call at the General Office, Arts Building, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Nov. 8, 9 and 10.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT



M. H. HALTON

Who was Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway 1928-29, wins honors in journalism.

PAST EDITOR WINS SUCCESS

M. H. Halton, European Correspondent for Toronto Daily Star

Our congratulations this week go to Mathew Halton, graduate from this University in 1929. What more could any man want? He has won a wife and a swell job. Married this fall to Jean Campbell, also a graduate of Alberta, he is going to London as European correspondent for the Toronto Star. It is no wonder—he should have had a good journalistic training; he was Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway in 1928-29—perhaps the big Toronto daily heard about it. This is the most gratifying success that has been accorded to any of our past editors in so short a time, and we point to his picture in the office with real pride.

Before leaving for Europe he is paying Edmonton a visit, and we hope he drops around and sees us.

Who says Gateway work is not good training? Just drop in some time and see how many Rhodes Scholars, I.O.D.E. Scholars, and now otherwise prominent men have been members of the staff.

We write the rest in pencil. The reporters are nice people. They tell us about the newspaper. The man at the centre of the news desk is not sitting at the desk. He is sitting in the "slot."

We hope that a murder or a bank robbery will come along. They don't, but our picture does. In the picture we look like a crowd of stuffed fish.

At last our articles are finished, and we hand them to the news editor. He says, "Very good work," and writes them all over himself.

We go out to wander around the building. It's been a lot of fun. Perhaps some of our sentences will be in the paper. We will wait and see.

Momentous Revelation After Hallowe'en Fire Alarms

"IT JUST BURNED ME UP," COMMENTS CHIEF IN INTERVIEW—COMPLICATIONS ARISE AFTER EXCITEMENT SUBSIDES

Most great men are notoriously absent-minded, or have some eccentricity which marks them from their more practical but less distinguished brothers. Samuel Johnson, Walpole and a host of other prominent men, endeared themselves not only to their public, but to the subsequent student in history, by their little peculiarities which in many cases added a little human element to an otherwise rather dead subject. Therefore, it is not surprising to find that we have one among us who can compare with the illustrious ones of yore.

Some few days ago the fire chief, Captain Robert W. B. Jackson, by his quick thinking and prompt action, saved the men's residences from complete destruction by fire. The finesse with which the whole matter was dispatched gave ample evidence of his latent genius, and we take pleasure to note that the whole matter was reported in a recent issue of The Gateway and that full praise was accorded this most excellent public benefactor. The embers of this conflagration were scarcely cold when, at the witching hour of midnight on Hallowe'en, the fire bell started to ring with relentless fury, indicating that again the monster fire was lurking in our midst.

Our first reaction, after a temporary period of panic, was that all was well—here was no time for craven fear when we had a man of our chief's capacity to handle the situation. Accordingly, one and all set about throwing furniture out of the windows, and vacating the buildings in the most orderly fashion—not a man but expressed his confidence that the chief would have the whole matter

University Debaters Clash Prominent Edmonton Speakers

"RESOLVED THAT THE MACHINE AGE HAS DONE MORE HARM THAN GOOD" SUBJECT OF DEBATE—INAUGURATES NEW EXTENSION PROGRAM

Friday evening last Varsity crossed swords with a vengeance on the oratorical platform, when the first of a proposed series of radio debates was broadcast from the University Radio Station CKUA. Mr. C. A. Perkins and Mr. H. W. Riley, of our own Debating Society, defended the proposition, "Resolved that the Machine Age has done more Harm than Good to Society." Two overtown men, prominent in political life, Mr. E. E. Roper of the Alberta Labour News, and Alderman C. L. Gibbs, M.L.A., vigorously

denounced the resolution in no uncertain terms. It was unfortunate that the students themselves were not able to listen to the debate too, for it was a real treat, not only in oratory and arguments, but also in the continual efflorescence of sparkling wit.

Mr. A. E. Ottewell, as chairman, introduced the four speakers to the radio audience, and explained something of the purpose of the series this debate inaugurated. He invited comments upon the broadcast from those who were listening in.

Mr. Perkins opened the debate for the affirmative with sincerity and force. He protested vehemently against the tendency of the past hundred years or more, of drawing men from the country to crowd them into "crime infested, over-populated cities; deprived of room to breathe and filled with the stench of sweating millions." Quoting statistics, Mr. Perkins proved that factory districts of our modern metropolises are but the breeding ground of crime, for, he asked, "If you crush a man's body and soul with the monotony and fatigue of machine labor, can you expect his mind to rise above it? In short," he exclaimed, "the effect of this machine age is truly pitiable, especially upon the average working man. He has become part of his machine; he cannot be said to control it, although he is indispensable to it, he is no more so than the lever, belt or wheel. Gone is the old pride of workmanship. The employer who points to modern conveniences and says the laboring man has no cause of complaint, turns a deaf ear to the piteous cry of a morally and intellectually starved humanity languishing in the eyes of an overstuffed middle class. Even if he has conveniences, his father never had; he has paid for them with the fibre of his manhood. The next generation may think the price too great."

Mr. Roper, on the other hand, sought to shatter "those fond illusions of romantic nonsense of the Good Old Days." He showed how modern research had proven conditions of the majority of the people then to have been ridden with disease and extreme poverty. "Life then," declared Mr. Roper, "was not only awfully simple, but was really simply awful." He then passed quickly on to the boons of our own day, the radio, printing machine and such. "Machines," said Mr. Roper, "made possible our present day emancipation and have brought more sanity, toleration and decency into human relations one with another." He concluded his address with the ominous note that "when our

opponents point to the shortcomings of the present day, they do not prove the failure of the machine, but rather of man."

Mr. Roper was followed by Harold Riley. In his introductory remarks, Mr. Riley declared that, after listening to the previous speaker, never had he realized that the world in which he lived was so perfect a world—a world so good—a world that is such a paradise for the worker. "The negative have dealt in a somewhat exaggerated fashion with the material benefits of the machine itself," maintained the speaker, "but there is no sense in justifying a system if the life process itself is being undermined. We must also remember the psychological, the economic, the moral, the cultural effects of the machine and the machine age on society at large." He also exclaimed against the negative, contrasting conditions now with time so far distant, for he stated on the authority of experts that the machine age can not be really said to have begun till after 1775. "Authorities," Mr. Riley explained, "differ as to the extent of well-being in the pre-machine England, but all agree that there was enough to eat, always a place to lay one's head, a fair amount of economic freedom, and relatively little unemployment." "There is reason to suppose," he continued, "that the England of the yeoman cultivator and master craftsman, with all its privations and drawbacks (in modern light), yielded to an actual majority of its inhabitants more food, more serviceable clothing, more light and purer air, and pleasanter surroundings than does the more productive England of today."

Alderman Gibbs, speaking for the negative, then concluded the debate. Mr. Gibbs argued that while a crime has undoubtedly been committed, it is not at all clear as to just who has actually committed it. "Modern machinery," he said, "has rendered many of the same benefits to our day that slavery in Athens did to the freedmen there. But now, instead of the crimson stain of human slavery, we have only the grease spot of a modern machine. If ignorance and hunger still afflict the people of the machine age, it is not because of the machine, but rather in spite of it." "No," Mr. Gibbs declared, "the prisoner is not guilty; our opponents have arraigned the wrong man."

IN SYMPATHY

The Gateway would like to take this opportunity to express, on behalf of the students and faculty, the deepest sympathy to Mr. N. Inglis on the death of his father.

some ghastly accident had occurred and that we should have to run an obituary notice in this issue. Accordingly, the House Committee, who had by this time been thoroughly aroused from their usual coma, decided an investigation must be conducted. After the usual questioning and the cross-examinations which are the prerogative of all officials, they decided that perhaps it might be a good idea to visit his room.

From this point the narrative gets a little vague, as it has already assumed those little embroideries which go to form all good histories, but we shall present it from the angle of an actual eye-witness, who gave this story exclusively to The Gateway. The door of his room was locked and from behind it emanated a weird wailing noise as of one in pain—our earliest convictions were well founded, our hero had injured himself in the pursuit of duty and had crept back to his room to die. What better than a funeral pyre in the consecration of a mighty deed attempted. Eager hands tore down the door, and then came the most violent shock of all, for no maimed body writhed in agony—but, instead, like Nero of old, perched on the bed our Captain was playing, or rather eking out, doleful strains from a violin. The latter part of this story being rather doubtful, a complete investigation was started, and Mr. Jackson, in a personal interview, gave the true account. Surprisingly simple, as are most of the momentous discoveries of the world, naively put without the slightest trace of conceit, Mr. Jackson gave his explanation: "As a matter of fact, I was asleep."

SOPH. RECEPTION TO BE SATURDAY

Initial Formal to Cap Frosh Initiation Ceremonies

Tomorrow night—just one more day—and the season's first formal is here: The Sophomore Reception to the Freshmen. From their very inception the new Soph executive have been actively planning this event, and this year's dance bids fair to be as successful as the best of its numerous predecessors. The event can be really said to be the climax of the Varsity initiation, serving as it does as the one last gesture of good-will and welcome from those Frosh custodians, the Sophomore class.

We understand there are still remaining a few tickets for an odd belated couple, but there can not be any great number. Judging from the talk and anticipation evidenced about the corridors, this first formal of 1932-33 should be a truly good dance.



THE GATEWAY

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THE LADIES' TENNIS TEAM

Once again the ladies have scored for Alberta. This year it seems to be left to the co-eds to bring back the trophies, and the tennis tournament at Saskatoon was no exception. The Alberta Ladies' Team won all their contests; the men, we are sorry to say, did not do nearly as well, but got a few points.

A last minute rush finished off the ladies' tournament here at Alberta. Miss Hammond and Miss Brown, winning over all opponents, were Alberta champions, and so became the tennis representatives at Saskatoon.

What happened to the men's tournament at Alberta here? It was unfinished, that we know, but the reason seems obscure. The ladies' tournament, suffering the same weather handicaps, was played to a close. By what system were Alberta's men's tennis team chosen? The secret is deep and dark. It would be interesting to have the depths plumbed and the facts dragged therefrom into the light.

"DEATH CORNER"

In the last year a great deal of publicity has been given to that part of the Edmonton-Calgary trail called "Death Corner." Recently a sad accident has again brought this particular part of the road into discussion.

Of course, the first question is, "What is to be done about it? Many suggestions have been made, and among them has been that of entirely rebuilding this particular part of the highway. This would cost thousands of dollars, but then motorists would be able to speed across that piece of country without slowing down from their usual forty miles an hour or so. This would save a minute or two.

Time may be money, but it seems to be laying rather heavy emphasis on the fact to be willing to pay thousands of dollars for a few minutes of every motorist's time, even suppose that should amount to some hours every day.

But the situation remains: something must be done, for apparently people will go on having accidents at that corner until some change is made. Apparently the black and white checkerboard sign is too indefinite, for there is a wide disparagement in the various conceptions concerning a slow speed. To make very definitely sure that accidents at that corner at least partially eliminated, a stop sign, with a policeman beside it, would halt those drivers who insist on being able to drive at any speed, no matter how high, over all parts of almost any road. Such driving is necessary only in emergencies, for which the motorist should be willing to pay.

The wages of the policeman, who may be posted periodically, and the total cost of the stop signs will be considerably less than the cost of altering the corner so that drivers may drive as they wish all the time.

THE SASKATCHEWAN SHEAF

Last week we deplored the Sheaf's "borrowing." This week we laud it. This is not entirely a change of policy, but we realize that the Sheaf needs what assistance it can obtain. The Saskatchewan paper last week had a little less than the average standard of Hush throughout the "humour" column, the Campus Cow, except where the "borrowed" Alberta jokes were printed.

Ten years or so from now, the editors responsible for that will, we hope, be heartily ashamed of their childishness. With maturer judgment they will see that such foolishness was only a sad aspect of their youth and will repent heartily. At any rate, we give them credit for a fundamentally sound intellect which will, if given a chance, come to light.

The rest of the Sheaf is a very creditable University weekly. Why does the editorial staff allow one column to spoil their otherwise very splendid production?

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Some two weeks ago mention was made of an amalgamation of the Glee Club and the Orchestra in a union called the Operetta Society. It has been lately decided to call this new organization the Philharmonic Society.

Because of the number of students participating in this extra-curricular activity it is felt that as a society they should have representation in the Students' Union Council. This would increase the number of councillors to eighteen if a representative of the Philharmonic Society be given a seat in Council.

At present the Council is too large, and business is difficult to transact quickly and readily. If there is any increase in the number, then the Council will be just that much more unwieldy and cumbersome.

A suggestion has been given that the Literary Association be given two representatives on the Council, and as such this would give representation to the Debating, Dramatic and Philharmonic societies through their president and secretary. This plan is modelled on that in use for the Athletic Executive. According to the constitution as it is written now, the various teams and sports activities have representatives in their respective athletic executive, men's or women's. These, in turn, have their representatives, the president and secretary, on the Council.

There is no need, as we see it, for the Debating and Dramatic societies to have so much more direct



Professor—What is an artery?
Student—A place where people go to look at pictures.

Hugh Arnold—My girl won a beauty prize.
Jim McIntosh—Where, at a raffle?

Butch Glasgow—Every time I learn something, I store it away.

Chuck Fraser—Well, I hope you soon learn to play your saxophone.

She (after being introduced)—You seem rather familiar.

G. A. R. Mason—I haven't even started yet.

Eddie Foy—They're cutting down all the male Christmas trees around Edmonton.

Sid Huckvale—Gee! That'll make it hard for the female Christmas trees.

Eddie—Yes, they'll pine away.

Caught red-handed in the act of sprinkling bread crumbs on the front lawn, Al Roberston admitted he was doing it just for a lark.

Preacher—And you say this little twin baby am a gal?

Colored Man—Yes, suh.

Preacher—And am the other one of the contrary sex?

Colored Man—Yas, suh, she am a gal, too.

Mack Keith says these old-fashioned back-scratchers have gone entirely out of use—just go into your clothes-closet and do it on your own hook.

Guy Kinnear—I'll do anything I can, Warden.
Warden—Well, don't put yourself out.

Ernie Ayre—I'm going to be a surgeon.
Dent.—Not for me. Too much inside work.

Bert Cairns—This quarter's no good. It won't ring.

Theo Cairns—What do you want for two-bits—chimes?

Midnight: A storm swirling the rain against the window. Inside the old manse a figure is sitting, tense with emotion, staring intently at a sheet of paper.

Suddenly a low moan arises above the crying storm. The figure moves; his hands tremble and jerk convulsively. The moan rises to a shriek, a peculiar throaty cry, like a soul in agony. Great beads of sweat break out on the man's forehead, his face becomes agonized, his breath comes in gasps. The cries continue, sometimes high-pitched, sometimes low, and now and then breaking into fiendish gibberings. Suddenly a shriek more horrible than the rest shatters the air and the man moves. He rises to his feet with a sigh of satisfaction, puts his saxophone in the corner, and goes to bed.

Eric Austin—Say, find my hat.
Herman Hayes—It's on your head.
Eric—Never mind, then, I'll look for it myself.

English Professor—Answer the following question about this sentence: "The cow was in the pasture." What mood?

Chris Jackson—The cow.

Bashful Freshie—Can I be your "steady"?
Girl Friend—Say, if you were any steadier, you'd be motionless.

Pat Garrow—How did you get into the habit of wearing a moustache.

Jack Kearns—Oh, it just grew on me.

Editor-in-Chief—Why do you wish to go to the scene of the murder?

Gateway Reporter—Remains to be seen.

Jean Irving—Oh-h-h! I'm going to faint.
Grant—What, so swoon!

"Hey, wallflower, why don't you dance, instead of standing around like a wooden dummy?"
"I'm not a wooden dummy; I'm only a little bored."

He—Oh! That's my foot; please get off.

Strap-hanger—Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?

He—Don't tempt me, madam.

Casserole Dictionary
DILEMMA—Comes from "dill", a pickle, and "Enma", a person. A person in a pickle.

DOLABRIFORM—"Shaped like the head of an axe." (High Brow for Hatchet Faced.)

DOMESTIC—From "dome," meaning head, and "stick," wooden. The woodenhead in the kitchen.

DUN—A note from a Creditor, purple with rage and felling blue, which he wants read, lest he be done up brown, asking you to come across with a "yellow boy" or some of the "long green," which you cheerfully ignore, since he failed to use complementary colors.

representation on the Council than the athletic organizations. The Literary Association should function more actively than it has up to date. All the Literary Society's budgets and plans should be passed by this body before being taken to the Council by their president and secretary.

According to this arrangement there will be just the same number of students on the Council. This is too bad, but at least it eliminates the greater evil of another Council member.



DEATH CORNER

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I think that it is only right that The Gateway, Edmonton's best paper aside from others that might mentioned, should give its views on that corner on the Calgary-Edmonton highway called "Death Corner." A special representative of The Gateway staff, known for his Bohemian qualities, spent part of last Sunday afternoon in viewing this treacherous corner.

There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that this corner is the most dangerous in the province, and certainly doesn't do justice to Alberta. After driving from Calgary for about 190 miles, and having almost perfect road to this point, people are confronted by a treacherous turn. Even at a speed of fifteen miles per hour, on slippery roads it is quite possible to turn off into the ditch in endeavoring to negotiate the turn.

One editorial in the paper this week suggests that a policeman should be placed on duty at this point for the express purpose of slowing down the cars. And then, again, stop signs have been suggested. Goodness knows there are enough signs at this corner now, but to what avail?

It has been suggested that people should not travel forty miles an hour on this road. Why not? The road is built and maintained for fast driving, and it is only fit that the whole road should be so maintained.

Numerous accidents have occurred here, and who knows but that you might be the next? We pay very nearly the highest price for car licences in the Dominion of Canada, and our gasoline prices are too high, considering that Alberta produces gasoline. Surely some proportion of the incomes from this field could be used to change this section of road, and make a turn that will not endanger the lives of the citizens of Alberta.

Yours truly,
A. REMEDY.

Editor, The Gateway,
Alberta University.

Sir,—This article is written as a consequence of my attending a meeting of the Student Christian Movement, Thursday, Oct. 27th, at this University. I had no particular reason for attending the meeting apart from being interested in the student activities of the institution, and conceiving this event as one of importance, I attended. I might say parenthetically that this is my first year in the University, and so do not speak of the movement apart from this one meeting of Oct. 24th.

The speaker of the occasion was Dr. A. D. Miller of St. Stephen's, who dealt with the topic, "Has Christian Experience a Scientific Basis?" Reference was made to Chalmers of Scotland and his success and power in the revival of his time, pointing out that while having a well formulated theology, he preached particularly Jesus and the love of God as expressed through him. He then referred to D. L. Moody, who, having a crude theology, also preached Jesus with great power and success. Henry Drummond was the last of the three to whom reference was made, who preached Jesus and had great power to persuade men to accept him. Drummond, however, did not stress theology. The speaker thus pointed out that power was not limited to only one type of man, but that all these three possessed it. The conspicuous point to me was that while the speaker pointed only to the Jesus of Nazareth as the man of noble character and high ideals, making his appeal to us on this basis, all these men to whom he referred preached of a Jesus who was Christ and Son of God. He was not only the Jesus of human limitations to them, but he was deity and revered as such.

My impression upon attending the meeting was that we as a group of young students had in our lives so far been subjected to an obsolete religion, or at least a religion that possessed many superstitions and unscientific doctrines; but now that we had come to the University we would in the least painful manner possible have them removed, and then of course find more scientific grounds for our faith.

The accomplishment of this feat necessarily involves our minds in questions. These to me have two phases: the ground upon which we shall reject the historical faith, and secondly, the trustworthiness of the new. Supposing for the present that we conform to this change, what will be our state in the new? Analyzing the New Testament on the question, which I suppose is our best source of information, there seems to be two levels in Jesus' life. The first is the tangible enough person that is easily explained historically as the last of the Hebrew prophets with characteristic ethical appeal. His view is broader probably because of Roman influence and ideals. His source of religious information is the law and the prophets, of which he frequently makes use.

However, the second level seems harder of explanation. How could these same writers as portrayed the historical Jesus also portray the Jesus who performed miracles, was supernaturally born, died sacrificially and ascended to glory, or to the right hand of God? Were these accounts only illusions of over-enthusiastic men? We may dismiss the second as contrary to our reason and natural processes; but is it not wise to remember that a large number of intelligent, observing men who lived closer to the original sources of information have ascribed to it as their belief? By this I do not mean that we must cling to it at any expense, but only that we pay them due respect, and also that we try to see from their angle. It must also be conceded that this Jesus which they



Working Collegians to Be Considered

New York, Oct. 15.—Hope that the ban against foreign students in American colleges working for money to pay their way would be "leniently enforced" has come to the students through W. W. Husband, Assistant Secretary of Labor.

He came here from Washington to hold a hearing on the questions involved at Ellis Island.

Only 10 complaints of aliens working were received by the Labor Department, Husband said, although there are 6,000 foreign students registered in American colleges. Under the law, alien students working for money are subject to deportation, but Husband said each case would be separately investigated.—McGill Daily.

Hurling Tomatoes Halt Histrionics of Earnest Freshmen

Students of Dalhousie University, Halifax, recently displayed a lack of chivalrous feeling towards the less robust sex, as well as an apparent absence of appreciation of the subtleties of stage art. A Freshette, while enacting the role of the goat in a tender love scene with Ghandi in a Freshmen's entertainment recently, was made the unwilling target for a bombardment of tomatoes of advanced middle-age.

Dr. Archibald MacMechan, one time professor at Dalhousie, was loud in his denunciation of this undisciplined and ungentlemanly conduct. This brand of hazing, he pointed out, is a pernicious invader from American Universities. No raging student of an English University would assault an unarmed damsel with aged vegetables, even if said damsel were heavily disguised as a goat.—McGill Daily.

Washington (I.P.)—Announcement was made here last week that early

upheld has played a tremendous part in the history of the lives of men.

It may be proper to also raise the question, how could a lowly peasant rise to take on this most extravagant array? How can history correspond to his fictitious rather than his real self? Or rather, how could a fallacy rule over truth so long? These questions are based on the assumption, which is not an assumption but an historical fact, that history has been powerfully influenced not by the man Jesus, but by the deified Christ as Saviour and Lord.

It is strange that a belief so false should flourish so long and be productive of such high ethical standards, absorbing the best of the past, and making for the greatest advancement in intellect heretofore known.

Another point in question is that in reading the New Testament, it gives the impression that Jesus himself believed that he was divine, that he was to die for a lost world and rise again. In other words he believed that he was the Messiah as described in the Old Testament; and it was with these thoughts in mind that the New Testament writers write. How could Jesus, living and working under such a delusion, accomplish so much for the human race?

The speaker, in asking us to take up the ideals of Jesus for our lives and partake of his spirit, seems to be forgetful of these problems, or probably he has some solution as yet unknown to me. It would seem that a higher ideal was necessary for our day, where accuracy as well as Jesus' admired qualities were present. For the present I will not take a bold step into what is so uncertain to me lest I find myself in but thin air. In short, I find a positiveness in the message of historical Christianity which Dr. Miller's message lacked. It seemed to me only a venture, a speculation. The old basis of faith seems quite confirmed by history.

Respectfully,
EDWIN E. BRANDT
(An undergraduate).

in October a "depression university" will be opened not far from here in the hills of Virginia—a university at which the faculty will teach for its board and room only.

The university, it was said, plans to have about 100 students, who will pay a fee of \$250 each, covering all expenses for the year.

There will be no football team at Depression University, but anyone wishing to win his "D" can do so in fishing.

Hunting, too, may be a major sport, with the idea that after a hard day on the athletic field, the students can bring home their dinners.

The university is to be the result of a plan evolved by Dr. A. C. C. Hill, jr., professor of economics at Springfield College. Those making preparations for the opening of the school say that it will involve no revolutionary teachings, nor will it be unduly conservative.

The main idea, it seems, will be to make use of some unemployed faculty members who might otherwise be wasted.

Pittsburgh.—A new threat to Hoover and Roosevelt has appeared on the scene. Groucho Marx, a candidate who is at least much more interesting than either, is a student's choice in a straw vote of the University of Pittsburgh for President of the United States.

Tabulations were: Roosevelt, 1,355; Hoover, 912; Thomas, 617; Foster, 96; Coxe, 24; Edna Wallace Hopper, 9; Eddie Cantor, 5; Cox, 1; and Groucho Marx, 1.—McGill Daily.

Mike McS. (entering large store)—I want a stick, please.

Shopwalker.—Certainly sir—lip, sugar, shaving, walking, shooting, or candle?—McMaster's Silhouette.

Freshman Howlers
A skeleton is man with his inside out, and his outside off.

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YEAR BOOK EXEC. HAS FIRST MEETING

Co-operation of Club Executives
Sought—Individuals Responsible
For Their Own Pictures

A meeting of the staff of Evergreen and Gold was held on Tuesday at which the procedure to be followed in arranging for the pictures was outlined. Graduands will be required to have their pictures in first, the date set being December 1st. Following them are Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Freshies in the order mentioned. Everybody is asked to commence immediately. Each person is responsible for arranging about his own picture. When you have chosen which print is the most suitable, write your name and class on the back and drop it in the Year Book box in the basement near the post office.

It is desired to point out that Evergreen and Gold will not pay for sittings, nor for the prints for class use; this must be handled by the individual. Prints for club use may be charged to the Year Book on an order from the club president.

The Executive of every group that is to have a place in the book should see that a list of the names of everyone in his group, indicating the status of each (president, secretary, etc.), be signed and left at the studio. This will serve as an order on the Year Book for the prints required for this group. Prints for clubs and executives not accompanied by such a list cannot be acknowledged by the Year Book, and will be charged to the individuals. The compliance of all executives in this most important matter will save a lot of difficult situations.

Further co-operation may be shown by club executives in getting acquainted with the Year Book representative assigned to look after your club.

L.C.R.B.C. MEET IN COMMON ROOM

Heredity Discussed at Some
Length (Without Deprecating Parents)

On Wednesday, October 26, 1932, the L.C.R.B. Club held their six thousand two hundred and fifty-fourth session. The discussion was on the weighty subject of the effects of heredity on the mental development of the race, and the ability of University students to fall asleep in lectures.

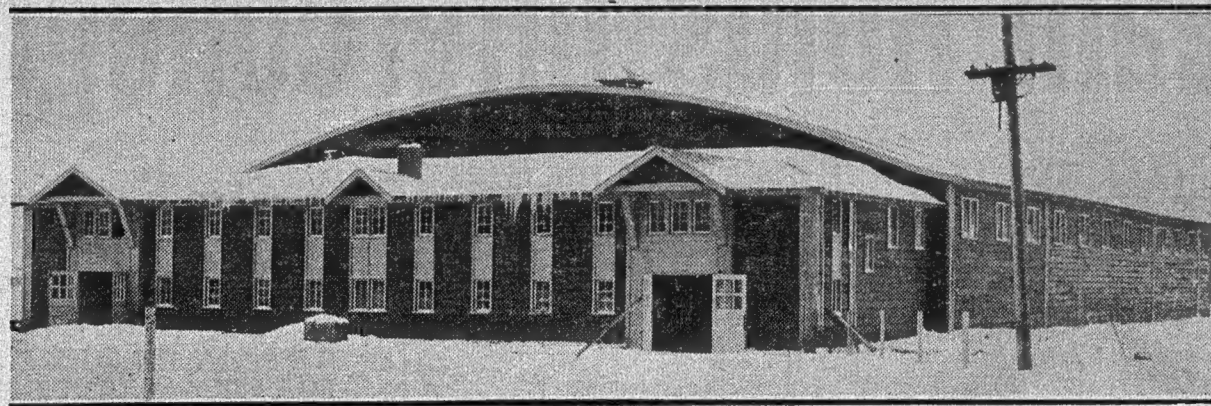
The opening argument was ably propounded by George Ross, who held that the mental development of a child was decided long before birth by the mental ability of the progenitors of the subject. He upheld his argument by several allusions to the offspring of free love unions in history.

The negative to this absorbing problem was handled very efficiently by Earl McDonald, who drew several touching word pictures of examples of platonic love. It then became necessary to define platonic love. Some of those offered were uninteresting, while the rest of them were unprintable. However, the general decision was that the term denoted relations between a man and a woman on a non-sex basis. The session further decided that such a condition was not only absurd, but also contrary to the principles of every loyal member of the L.C.R.B.C.

Mr. H. Gigg then led the group in a debate on the relative sizes of brains. It was established that the brain of a dinosaur, type Stegosaurus Ungulatus, bore the same relation that a brain the size of a nickel would in a human.

"Does the intelligence of a subject depend on that of the parents?" was the next question. Evidently not, as

VARSITY RINK



The University Rink will be ably managed this year by Cecil Hewson. Cecil promises good fun for everybody, and expects record attendances.

Varsity Rink Prepares For the 1932-33 Season

\$25,000 STUDENT VENTURE NEARS COMPLETION—MUSIC PROVIDED FOR FREE SKATING

The fine enclosed rink which is located on the campus will soon be open for another season, and as it is common to find most new students, and even many senior students, who do not understand the organization of this student venture, it is fitting that The Gateway should be used to explain a few of the central facts.

The University Covered Rink was built by the students; it is owned, operated and used by them. Its presence here is a memorial to the students of 1927-28, to whose courage, aided by the co-operation of the staff of the University and the public at large, we owe our rink. About \$5,000 of the cost was raised by subscription. The students asked the Board of Governors to borrow the remaining \$25,000 and collect from the students an annual fee of \$3 each to repay the capital debt. This was done, and the Board of Governors appointed a Rink Committee to handle the project. The Covered Rink Committee consists of Dr. Wallace, Dr. Hardy, chairman, Mr. A. W. West, sec.-treas., and three student members, the President of the Students' Union, the President of Men's Athletics, and the President of Men's Hockey. Dr. Hardy, a very popular member of the Classics Department and equally well known in sport circles, and Mr. West, efficient bursar of the University, are the permanent officials, and to them the students owe a great debt. Year by year the burden of responsibility has fallen on their shoulders, and the strong position of the rink at present is largely due to their unsparing efforts in its behalf.

The students of 1932-33 will be pleased to learn that this year's \$3 fee will almost pay off the capital debt. Many students seem surprised to find that having paid \$3, they still must pay for the use of the rink. A moment's thought will serve to realize that fixed charges and operation costs run into a large sum annually, which sum must be raised by the admission charges, the \$3 being applied on capital debt and interest. Any operation surplus is also applied on the reduction of the debt.

was decided by all those present after an hour's thought, for most of the members of the group spring from really intelligent parents.

The conclusion of the discussion was aptly enunciated by Edward Joseph Hollingsworth Greene, who stated that "The man, or alleged man, alleged to be Napoleon alleged to be imprisoned on the island alleged to be St. Helena was alleged to have died of an alleged disease alleged to be cancer."

The next meeting is eagerly awaited by all concerned, excepting, possibly, Mr. Greene.

N.B.—L.C.R.B.C. stands for "Lower Common Room Bullshooters' Club."

debt.

As the students do not use all the available hours, the remainder are sold to the general public, who are also admitted on skating nights. Those who object to the charges imposed by the rink management should observe that, though any student who pays full Students' Union fees (and consequently, the rink fee) can buy a season skating ticket for \$2, the price which all others pay for such a ticket is \$5. Thus every person who pays the rink fee has the opportunity of getting full value for it. Those who

INTELLECTUALS

The following by J. E. Olsen is apropos to an article "Intellectuals Organize," by A. C. Cummings, appearing in the Journal recently.

There is an interesting note in the daily paper this week, entitled, "Intellectuals Organize." Apparently, they are tired of being merely a voice in the wilderness, and have resolved to be heard in the councils of men.

Intellectuals, as a class, have never been noticeably popular, as would clearly appear by the terms "high-brows" and "cranks" which are often and freely bestowed upon them. We deem them of little importance in our very matter-of-fact world. When we cannot successfully contradict them, we humour them, as we humour Bernard Shaw, and when we cannot understand them we try to ignore them, and dismiss them as "cranks" (a little cracked, y'know).

The idea that Knowledge should be at the helm in affairs of the state is by no means a new one. It has even been given a trial on a few occasions in the past, and occasionally proved successful. Solomon thought that "wisdom" was the most important thing to a successful ruler: Pericles showed Athens and the world that Plato's contention was not without soundness; and the mild Epaminondas of Thebes proved to the unpleasant surprise of the laconic and efficient Spartans that a man may talk and talk, and yet upon occasion develop an astonishing capacity for energetic action.

It seems an logical thing that so many of those that deal with us and our problems (as a people) are not the type of men best fitted for such a large task. For knowledge, if it does anything for a man, surely does this, that he shall be able to look on things with a deeper understanding, a truer realization, and broader sympathies.

If we consider our authors, especially the typically modern ones, we cannot deny that they display a remarkable gift for exactness of observation, as well as an amazingly keen insight into humans' motives and their reactions to their circumstances and environment. There is nothing dreamy or unreal about the people in their novels. These authors are the practical psychologists of today.

The instinct for practical organization has shown itself in such philosophers as Bacon, who wrote of gardens less as a poet than as a landscape gardener; in humanists like Ruskin, in theorists like our own Bernard Shaw. We serve their thoughts to our youth as choice mental food, but we have never given the authors a chance to show us what these ideas could accomplish for us in practice.

The group of intellectuals which is now planning to attempt something of this nature has a definite policy, which is stated by Mr. C. E. M. Joad, English author and lecturer, who is the organizer of this novel confederation:

"That the economic arrangements of the country should be planned and not haphazard."

That war debts should be cancelled, tariff barriers removed, national armaments abolished, and armed force pooled in a collective international police controlled by the League of Nations.

That the divorce laws should be changed out of all recognition, birth-control knowledge made available for every one, and the congenitally unfit sterilized.

That all censorship should be abolished, Sunday rescued from the dead hand of the 19th century, and irritating legal restrictions abolished.

That what is left of rural England should be preserved, national parks established, and citizens be given access to mountains and moorlands, in-

play hockey should note that all student organizations are charged \$3 per hour, whereas others pay \$5 per hour. The rink puts on moccasin dances and carnivals from time to time, making the rink available to those who do not skate.

From season to season the Rink Committee appoints a student manager, who has full control of the rink, subject to the committee. University students are employed wherever possible. The rink is fully modern and completely equipped. Warm dressing rooms, showers, check rooms, etc., are available for hockey and skating. A lunch counter is operated in the rink, and a skate-sharpening shop is maintained with an experienced operator in charge. The fine electrical sound equipment brings the best of music at all times.

The rink management and staff bid you welcome. They are appointed by your representatives to serve you, and you are assured of the best service at all times. The manager of the rink for 1932-33 is Cecil Hewson, Arts '33. He asks your support and co-operation to make this the most successful year in the history of the University Covered Rink.

FROSH MAKE USE OF HOUSE DANCE

Freshies Express Misgivings About
Bidding for Soph Under Surroundings of Upper Gym

Last Saturday evening will go down in the history of many Freshmen as their Waterloo, merely because it was the night of the house dance before the Soph Reception. With apparently calm and collected faculties, the Frosh gallantly pushed their fair ones around the gym, whispering sweet nothings in their ears. But, internally, they were seething with the strange notions of fear, doubt, jealousy and misgiving. Suppose their bids should be turned down, shoved to the wall, coldly disdained? Yes, just suppose they were, then who would take the silly little fools. (Fear not, lads, they were glad to get your humble offer.)

It is admitted that the Freshmen were working under a great handicap. While the music and the floor were excellent, the surroundings were hardly those which make the fickle heart of woman turn to softer things. The sickly green walls of the gym hardly convey an idea of the dreamy softness of a Neapolitan night or the bizarre walls of a New York night club. Nevertheless, they are good enough for a house dance, for after all, Neapolitan nights and New York night clubs always seemed to be hooked up with money. Not just ordinary money, but money by the railroad, and money by the railroad, the Frosh have not.

ELECTRICAL CLUB HOLD FIRST MEET

Professor McLeod Welcomes New
Members—Executive Chosen

The first meeting of the Electrical Club for the 1932-33 term was held at 4:00 p.m. last Friday.

President Wm. Gold, who was elected at the last meeting of last year, took the chair. The minutes of the last meeting being read and adopted, he started the meeting proper by conducting the nomination and election of the vice-president. J. G. Dale, a member of the third year electrical class, was chosen for this office.

The President then gave a brief resume of the history of the club, which was organized a year ago. Its membership consists of all bona fide Electrical Engineering students of the third and fourth years.

Professor McLeod, former Honorary President and founder of the club, gave a short address. He welcomed the members of the third year class to the group, and briefly explained to them the origin and object of the organization.

The speaker of the day was Mr. Cornish, of the Electrical Department, this year's Honorary President. He gave a very interesting and highly technical talk on the construction and application of thyristors and grid-glow tubes. A short discussion followed, in which members of the audience asked questions concerning points which had not been quite clear to them during the address.

The meeting adjourned about five o'clock.

respective of the needs of sportsmen."

To those who may fear that so many changes would upset the already ill-balanced apple-cart of the existing order, let us offer the gentle reminder that no such piece of work was ever accomplished in one day (that were too much to hope). It is an arduous task, this of accelerating the reluctant steps of the masses as they slowly drift along in the wake of progress, and it would seem that we cannot afford to decline any offer of help, however unpromising it may at first appear.

THE TENNIS TRIP

By D. F. B.

A member of the team gives an account of the trip, the games and the cordial hospitality extended the Alberta tennis team visiting Saskatchewan.

In fur coats and goloshes (if we weren't wearing them we should have been), we grabbed our tennis racquets and the C.N. train for Saskatoon. The train was caught without difficulty, as our canny manager, who shall of course be anonymous, but who is the elder member of the Keel family, laboring under the ancient illusion that women are always late, succeeded in getting us down to the train 33.8 minutes before it was due to pull out.

Well, the evening was passed in a friendly discussion of the relative merits of badminton and tiddlywinks as possible substitutes for tennis in case of a blizzard. However, our debate was unnecessary, for we found no snow in Saskatoon.

We were met by Kathleen White and Francis Hanson, who after watching us consume a caloric-counted breakfast, hustled us to the University residences and induced us to remove a few layers of garments and appear on the courts. Incidentally, the thermometer registered 22°F.

The ladies' doubles was an exhibition of anything but brilliant tennis. The cold slowed up our reaction times about 50 per cent. (see Psych. 51). However, Alberta won 6-4, 6-2. The men's doubles event was much better. Our men put up a real struggle, but lost to Wally Bayes and Mike Kalmakoff in three sets.

After lunch in the Women's Residence, at which we devoured large luscious prunes, we eight decided to brave the elements again. This time we wore practically every available article of clothing, not excluding kid gloves. Two brief sets decided each of the women's singles in favor of Alberta. The brand of tennis was considerably better than in the morning. Priscilla had an opportunity to display a few of her beautiful backhand cross-court drives, and Patsy Sullivan and I had several good rallies. Gordon lost his singles 6-2, 6-3, to the steady Mike Kalmakoff. He got in some pretty shots and some especially good net work, but Mike was too good for him.

Good Playing
By far the best match of the day was that between Mert Keel and Wally Bayes. Mert won the first set 6-2, and the thing looked fairly

WOOL GATHERINGS

The S.C.M. had a hike. The C.O.T.C. had a machine gun shoot. What a swell time would have been had by all if the events had been combined!

Our nominee for the hall of fame would be the gent who installs a handle on the Arts Building freight door for 8:30 catchers with cold hands.

Our hats are off to those House Ecceers who wear high heels and still make good time down the South Lab walk.

The O.T.C. are seriously considering baling the atmosphere of the common room and using it for a smoke screen in the Tactical Exercises.

Then there was the Chem student who figured out the Hydrogen Ion Concentration at the back entrance of the Med Building. (The doc. says he is doing as well as can be expected.)

Garneau High students are certainly improving their technique in the gentle art of hitch-hiking, and their thumbs are getting bigger and more prominent every day.

The other day we saw an Engineer walking boldly down the hall practically naked—he didn't have a skid-

simple, but in the second set Wally had him down 5-3. Wally was serving well and making great use of a neat chop stroke. Mert, in his baffling left-handed way, was placing his shots and getting Wally all tied up in knots, but just when a kill seemed certain there was the agile Wally back in position. He made some really remarkable recoveries. The score went to 5 all, 6 all, 7 all, 8 all, 9 all, and neither could break through the other's service. Finally, Mert dropped his service and Wally took the set 11-9. The third set was a repetition of the second until the score was 3 all. Then Mert broke through and finished up 6-3. It was a thrilling match, in which some excellent tennis was displayed on both sides. The decision was in doubt up to the very last game.

Alberta, had now four wins to Sask's two, but it was decided to play off the mixed anyway. A victory for Priscilla and Gordon brought our wins up to five matches out of seven, so we patted each other on the back and felt proud of ourselves, our team and our University.

Cordial Welcome

Nowhere could we have had a more cordial welcome, more thoughtful attention or a more enjoyable visit. In the evening we attended a delightful banquet, presided over by Stewart East, head of the Social Directorate. Then our hosts took us up to Convocation Hall, where their "Hallowe'en Formal" was in progress. We had just time for a few dances before tearing down to the train.

Summary

The trip was an all-round success, and we have one more proof of the charm and good sportsmanship of the students of the University of Saskatchewan.

Only One

Along a path I went alone,
A dreary and a lonesome way;
Many people were also there
But they seemed far away.
When they came nearer than their
wont
They often spoke to me.
But their words were worn and cold
And their speech was far too free.

There came a one I liked to hear,
And many things he had to say;
Whence he came, and why was here
And whither was his way.
He kept me pleasant company;
I did not weary then.
But his path was not my path
So we parted again.

Since then I met another
Whom I still call a friend,
But when will I meet the one
To come with me till journey's end?
—I. H.

stick (slide rule to you) poking out of his coat pocket.

We wish some brave soul would climb up and oil the weather vane on the Med Building. The doggone thing always points N.W., and even the thought of a wind in that direction makes us feel cold.

One Engineer is lonesome. Two Engineers start an argument. Three or more begin a re-hash of the current math. problem.

We met a man the other day who blundered into an S.C.M. discussion while looking for the O.T.C. storeroom. It seems he was misled by the language emanating from the door. And was his face red!

—CIRRUS.

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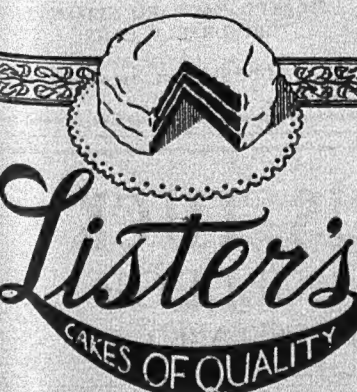
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THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO
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U. of A. Tennis Team Holds Intercollegiate Title

Alberta Retains Trophy Won First Last Year

ALBERTA WINS TENNIS TILTS FIVE MATCHES TO TWO—ALBERTA CO-EDS MAKE CLEAN SWEEP

Saskatoon, Oct. 31.—University of Alberta successfully defended its western Canada intercollegiate tennis championship when its representatives defeated the University of Saskatchewan five matches to two in the annual tournament held at the Varsity courts here on Saturday.

Due undoubtedly to the wintry weather conditions, the brand of tennis displayed was not of an exceptionally high order. Hockey or curling would have been far more suitable to the day than the summer sport.

The Albertans made a sweep of the women's singles and doubles and recorded one triumph in the men's singles as well as winning the mixed doubles. Saskatchewan chalked up one victory in the men's singles and carried off the men's doubles.

U. of A. Co-eds Too Strong
The Albertan co-eds were much too strong for their Saskatchewan sisters. Miss Dorothy Brown and Miss Priscilla Hammond, both of whom are well up in the Alberta tennis ranks, only lost one game each in their matches with Miss Sullivan and Miss Sherar, respectively, of Saskatchewan. In the doubles the Albertans downed the Saskatchewan girls by 6-4 and 6-2 margins.

The most thrilling match of the day's play was between Wally Boyes and Mert Keel, which the latter won in three hard sets. Practically every game in the three sets went to deuce before a decision was reached. Keel, who is a lanky left-hander, placed his shots well, and only remarkable recoveries by Boyes kept the play even throughout.

Mike Kalmakoff played steady tennis to defeat the other member of the Keel family in the singles by straight sets 6-2, 6-3. After dropping the first set 6-3, Kalmakoff and Boyes came back to take two sets in a row to take the men's doubles—Edmonton Journal.

CO-ED HOCKEY TEAM ORGANIZES

Freshettes Out in Force This Year—Skiv Edwards to Coach

A short organization meeting of those interested in women's hockey was held in Room 234 Arts on Monday at 4:30. Business relevant to the coming season was dealt with.

It is expected that Skiv Edwards will coach the co-eds this winter, although final arrangements have not yet been made.

The meeting was well attended with an especially strong delegation of Freshettes. The team, although badly crippled by graduations last year, should be at least as strong as it was, if not slightly stronger.

The girls are advised to watch the billboard for further notices.

Results
Men's Singles — M. Kalmakoff (Sask.) defeated G. Keel (Alta.), 6-2, 6-3.
M. Keel (Alta.) defeated W. Boyes (Sask.), 6-2, 9-11, 6-3.
Women's Singles—Dorothy Brown (Alta.) defeated Patsy Sullivan (Sask.), 6-2, 6-0.
Priscilla Hammond (Alta.) defeated Helen Sherrar (Sask.), 6-1, 6-0.
Men's Doubles—Boyes and Kalmakoff defeated G. Keel and M. Keel, 3-6, 6-1, 6-3.
Women's Doubles—P. Hammond and D. F. Brown defeated P. Sullivan and H. Sherrar, 6-4, 6-2.
Mixed Doubles—G. Keel and P. Hammond defeated W. Boyes and P. Sullivan, 6-3, 6-3.

OTIS STAPLES WINS KERR CUP

Freshman Covers Icy, Slippery Course in Record-Breaking Time

To Otis Staples, winner of the annual five-mile road race, held Saturday, goes the Kerr Cup for this year. Leading from the start, Staples continued his heart-breaking pace throughout the course, and ended with a spectacular finish, sprinting the last one hundred yards to break the record of 32 mins. 12 secs. set last year by Ossie Peck. Staples was clocked in 31 mins. 35 secs.

But it was not a race against time for Staples. Leaving the snow-covered grid, he was closely followed by G. Padwick, A. Piercey and S. Rands in the order mentioned. Over the gruelling, slippery course the four ran, with Piercey passing Padwick on the way. Entering the grid Staples crossed the line a full two hundred yards ahead of Piercey, who was followed by Padwick and then Rands.

Staples was the duskiest kind of a dark horse before the race started, and was not conceded a chance of leading Padwick to the finish line, but he came through in the biggest kind of a way and fully deserved his win.

Only a few of the faithful, but tuned up in everything but ear-muffs, were on hand to witness the race.

INTERFAC. BASKETBALL

A meeting of the interfac. basketball organization will be held in the upper gym at Athabasca at 8 o'clock Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

The schedule for the year will be drawn up. Each faculty intending to enter a team or teams in the competition is requested to have a representative present at this meeting. It is the intention to get the league under way by Nov. 15th at the latest.

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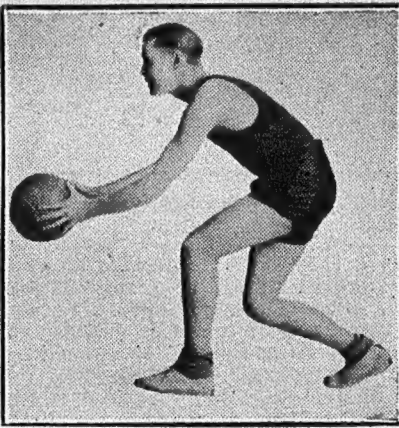
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HALL OF FAME



AD DONALDSON

Arts '33, Lethbridge; Senior Basketball '28, '29, '30, '31, '32; Senior Soccer '28, '29, '30, '31, '32; President Soccer Club '28-'29, '31-'32, who rates this department because he has consistently played first-class basketball on five senior teams, and has displayed a fighting heart and no little ability in both intercollegiate and provincial competition.

He has been the main cog in five senior soccer clubs, and was the driving force behind the team that succeeded in winning the City Championship in last year's Dragoon Cup series.

"Addy" hails from the metropolis of Lethbridge, where he spends the summer in playing for his native city on the soccer field, and was a member last summer of the team that took the provincial soccer championship to the southern village.

For the benefit of freshettes and others interested in this talented young gentleman, be it known that he lives in Assiniboia and is usually home studying—or are we wrong?

AL HALL



Outstanding football and hockey star, who was voted the best defence player in the Senior League, and who has been asked to travel to Europe with Superiors in November.

It is unlikely that Al will be able to make the trip, so Varsity supporters can count on him to guide the destinies of the senior team this winter.

SPORT FOR THE WEEK

Monday—
St. Joe's: Boxing.
Tuesday—
Lower Gym: Wrestling.
Wednesday—
Y.W.C.A.: 7:30-9:30, Swimming Club.
Thursday—
St. Joe's: Boxing.
Friday—
Lower Gym: Wrestling.
Upper Gym: Senior basketball practice, 5:30-7:00.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB ORGANIZES

Al Hall Appointed Coach For Coming Season—Team in Senior and Intermediate Leagues

A men's hockey meeting was held on Wednesday night to discuss plans for the coming season.

President Harvey Fish explained that men's hockey included senior and intermediate teams and the interfac. league. In view of the poor attendance at the meeting, it was urged that anyone interested get in touch with some member of the hockey club.

Emphasis was laid on the necessity of freshmen passing at least 60 per cent. of their term tests to continue eligible for the team.

Arrangements are being made for representation in the local senior league and for intercollegiate games with Saskatchewan. It is proposed to play two games here and two in Saskatoon.

Al Hall has been appointed coach of the senior team, while Skiv Edwards is manager. Jack Badner is manager of interfac. He explained that it is proposed to have eight teams in the league this year, thus giving everyone who wishes to play an opportunity.

Cec Hewson, the rink manager, said that an ultimatum had been presented to the Edmonton league to the effect that all games or none must be played at Varsity rink.

As soon as ice is available, practices will start. In the meantime it is hoped that some pre-season training may be started.

VARSIITY BOXERS TRAINING HARD

Mitt and Mat Men Train for Meets Later in Year—Inter-collegiate Meet Proposed

Varsity's Boxing and Wrestling Club got away to an early start about three weeks ago, and in this short time have already a membership of over 30 more than last year. This year's executive consists of: President, Alec Ballache; Secretary of Boxing, R. Brodie; and Secretary of Wrestling, Karl Kosior. The club has been very fortunate in securing Sarg. Barker as the boxing instructor. The new instructor is considered to be the best coach the club ever had, and the members are working faithfully under his directions. The club has great hopes of taking a prominent part in the city boxing eliminations in December.

The wrestling department has been guided by our own grapplers of renown, viz., K. Kosior and R. Jackson. Mike Bilinsky will probably soon be showing the boys the latest in neck twisting, although definite arrangements have not been completed.

This year the executive hopes to hold a Varsity tournament sometime in the spring, and the boys are training hard to do or die. The competition promises to be very keen with the return of old members and the strong contribution from the Freshmen. The executive as a whole are very pleased with the enthusiasm of the members, and expect to be heard

SPORTING SLANTS

By Reg Moir

A fighting grid machine that finally rolled into action in the kind of way that supporters of the Green and Gold teams expect, played the best game of the season last Saturday. In spite of the fact that it met with defeat, by the most narrow of margins, it at least justified its existence and its coach.

Previous exhibitions of the Bears have been disappointing, but last Saturday they played a fighting brand of football that they may well be proud of.

"It was a famous victory" for Freshman Otis Staples when he led the field around the difficult five-mile Kerr Cup course last Saturday. He wasn't figured to be very dangerous before the race started, but they pay off at the finish line in track events—and he got there first.

Four men who are expected to do great things for the Boxing and Wrestling Club this year are Kosior, Hilliker, Brodie and Ballache. The first-named is a wrestler and the other three are mitt slingers. Kosior, it will be remembered, won the honor of being ranked the best wrestler for his weight in Edmonton.

And this is a contribution which we received this week:

The quarter's raucous voice is stilled,
The thump of foot on ball,
The gridiron season's past and done,
We did not win at all.

Down every empty corridor,
In each and every hall,
The mournful whisper penetrates,
"We did not win at all."

Strong men hide their heads in shame,
Their pride has had a fall.
They played the game in '32
And did not win at all.

Debaters win the plaudits of
Each pulchritudinous moll,
While football heroes travel stag,
They did not win at all.

—J. S.

Varsity Seniors Lose to Eskimos by Single Point

SINGLE POINT ON ROUGE IN LAST QUARTER WINS GAME FOR ESKS—VARSIITY PUTS UP STUBBORN BATTLE

Ken Thompson's battling Varsity Canadian football machine must now put away the moleskins until next season without having scored a victory during the 1932 campaign, but they certainly made a valiant bid for a win down at Renfrew Park Saturday afternoon.

Pitted against the Eskimos in the concluding game of the schedule, the collegians were barely nosed out by a 2-1 margin, and their performance on that snow-covered gridiron last Saturday demonstrates beyond all doubt the immense improvement shown by the Thompson-coached combine since they absorbed that 30-0 Thanksgiving Day lacing at the hands of the champion Calgary Altomahs.

For most of the first two quarters of the game the Green and Gold played on at least even terms with the Blubber-Eaters and, if any edge was enjoyed by either side in this half, it certainly belonged to the gritty Albertans.

Consequently, their 1-0 lead at half-time did the Eskis no injustice. **Begin to Slow Up**
Starting the second half, the Varsity gang began to slow up a trifle, and in the remaining two quarters the Eskis, marshalled by Eric Duggan, managed to make the best possible use of a couple of rouges to eke out their slender one point victory.

Score on Rouges
The three points that showed on the scoreboard at the game's end were all garnered by the rouge route. Only a few minutes of the first quarter had been ticked off on Timekeeper Frank Drayton's stop watch, when Varsity went ahead as the result of one. The Eskis had kicked off and on the first play of the game, Jackson tossed a long forward to Jestley for a 25-yard gain. The Green and Gold were held on the next two downs and Edwards booted to Dolighan, who

was downed on his own 10 yard line. A couple of plays brought no results for the Eskis, and Dolly lofted to Edwards at mid-field. The Varsity star came back 20 yards before he was caught.

Len Parks got six yards through left centre on a buck, and then Gale went far enough on the other side to move the sticks to the Eskis' 30 yard line.

Not very much on the defence, Ritchie, Jowett, Mountfield and the rest of the Blue and Gold line stiffened perceptibly and Edwards had to kick. Dolighan received well behind his own line and he almost brought the ball back over. But Wilf Hutton, flashy Varsity end, nailed him just before he crossed the goal line, for his side's only score.

Starting the second quarter, the Eskis went on the offensive. Three times they got close enough for a kick to the deadline, but Eric Duggan gave the "Monday Morning quarterbacks" a chance to howl by electing to try for a field goal each time. Jones, Carver and Dolighan were a trio of failures, however, although Carver's kick into the line did result in a nice gain, Horne recovering for his side on the Varsity 10 yard line. With only a few yards to go, Mathewson was entrusted with the ball on the first play, but "Mat" who rarely fumbles, did so this time, and Hutton picked up the loose ball and brought it back 15 yards out of danger.

Horne made a nice 15-yard gain around right end, just before half-time was announced.

About midway through the third quarter an exchange of kicks gave the Enright-led machine the ball on the Varsity 40-yard line, and subsequent manoeuvres resulted in a rouge. Mathieson, Dolighan and Williamson combined to move the yard sticks still nearer, and, after Horne had added five or six more around right end, Dolighan kicked to Austin, station well behind his own goal line. Before he could get properly started for anywhere, Ritchie and Williamson had him boxed in, and they bore him savagely to the ground, to tie the score at 1-1.

Starting the last quarter, Williamson, Mathieson and Carver moved the pigskin ahead, and finally the latter was in position to kick for a point. His long punt was safely gathered in by Austin, but Duggan and Mathieson were on him like a flash, and the point-winning rouge resulted.

On the short end of the score at last, the lads from President Wallace's "little red school house" fought back with a vengeance, but could not tie the score.

The lineup:
Eskimos—Horne, Dolighan, Carver, Mathieson, Duggan; Ritchie; Cotton, Mountfield; Tonsi, Jowett; Williamson, Jones, Palmer, LaPlante.

Varsity—Austin, Chown, Edwards, Gale, Gofeon, Hutton, Jestley, Jackson, Killick, Manning, Park, Wynn, Borge, Brockie, Cook, Cooper, Ives, Maybank, Mitchell, McNeil.

Referee, Bill Broadfoot; judge of play, Reg. Moon; head linesman, Herman Hayes.—Edmonton Bulletin.

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GOOD FOOD—WELL PREPARED

Another list of Tempting Foods at Special Prices for the week of November 7th

Monday Night:	Hamburg Sandwich and Coffee	10c
Tuesday Night:	Milk Shake	10c
Wednesday Night:	Chili Con Carne and Crackers	15c
Thursday Night:	Apple Pie a la mode	10c
Friday Night:	Home-made Cream of Tomato Soup	10c

A WORM'S EYE VIEW OF TORONTO

By F.W.

"If thou wast never at Toronto, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners are wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation."

"Toronto the Good," says the Torontonians.

"City of Snobs," says the citizen of Montreal.

"Canada's most beautiful city," says the Torontonians.

"Bastille of Toryism. Socially, morally and politically steeped in conservatism," answers the Montrealler.

"Me and Gott," says the Kaiser.

"Toronto and R.B.," says the Torontonians.

If you would form your own opinion, it can be done in no better way than by paying a visit to the city.

Stroll along the board walk on the shore of Lake Ontario some warm afternoon, and see the clear blue waters of the lake sloping upward into the southern sky. Saunter down the streets bordered on either side with great oak, horse chestnuts and hard maple trees, as the leaves of every imaginable color come floating down around you, and make your way to Queen's Park. It is late in October, but the grass is still green as in mid-summer, except where it is hidden here and there by patches of gaudy colored leaves of every imaginable shape, that rustle under your feet as you make your way westward through the park toward the University.

The old grey stone buildings crowd in around the campus on every side, presenting a picture, ever changing, in which the eye may, day after day, find some hitherto undiscovered beauty. Last month the creepers that cling to the walls of University College were dark green; two weeks ago they were showing a few faint tints of brown and yellow, and today a painter sits on a little stool in the centre of the campus, vainly trying to transfer to his canvas the beauty of those old grey walls, decked in their autumn coat of green and brown and gaudy red.

Stroll about the grounds where fancy leads you, and though you will never tire of the scenery, fatigue will force you to start back to your hotel. In your wanderings you have lost your directions, so you walk around for perhaps an hour in search of one of those obliging policemen of which the city boasts, and at last your efforts are rewarded. He comes riding down the road toward you; two hundred and fifty pounds of Irishman poured into a blue suit with brass buttons, a revolver strapped around his waist, and a London Bobby's helmet poised on top of his head, and mounted withal on an antiquated old bicycle on which he propels himself down the streets of Canada's most beautiful city in search of anyone who might be disturbing the peace of Toronto the good. You will be tempted to say, "Hi, Napoleon, where's the war?" but you will probably just wave to him. He will then unconcernedly manoeuvre his velocipede to the curb, adjust the strap of his helmet, which hangs about his chin and bobs up and down when he talks, remove his white gloves, and as he affectionately strokes the horns of

his trusty mount, will proceed to direct you to your destination by naming all the streets in the city and telling you that you are not on any of them except one, and that in order to reach your hotel you will have to walk about two blocks down at least half of them.

He drives away and leaves you more confused than ever, so you decide to hail a pedestrian. A well-dressed man wearing a derby hat is coming down the street toward you, and you move to meet him. "Pardon me, but—" and he is gone without even a glance. A matronly old lady approaches from the other direction, and you try again. "Ah—well, I'll be—" for she raises her head slightly, but very noticeably, and struts by. Well, well, here comes Rudolph Valentino himself, a walking fashion plate. "Pardon me. Could you tell me how to get to the Ford Hotel?"

"Why, yes. Take a street car."

"Which car should I take?"

"I really couldn't tell you. Ask a policeman; they are paid for giving information."

"Blah—Blah—Blah."

You are disgusted, and walk down College Street and turn down Spadina. It is Saturday evening and what a sight! Dusky queens of Sheba, with lips much too red for good taste, and pencilled eyebrows that rise at all the varying angles of the compass, trip lightly down the walk smiling daintily and rolling their shaded eyes at every passerby of the opposite sex. Bewhiskered old fogies who look as if they had stepped out of the first snapshot album, sit in twos and threes on the doorsteps, jabbering in an unknown tongue and gesticulating with great vigour. This is Toronto's New Jerusalem.

After what seems hours you will probably get turned back in the right direction, and tired and weary, with all the pleasure of the earlier part of the day completely eclipsed by your later experiences, find your way to the hotel. You go to dinner and sit opposite the same man who occupied that seat the night before, and your dinner will be eaten and not a word will pass between you. Then you will begin to realize that you are among a people who do not speak your language.

Lonely and disgusted, you go to your room, and throwing yourself in a chair, say to yourself: "So this is Paris. Toronto the good. Canada's most beautiful city. The city of snobs. A kennel of social poodle dogs!"

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ODDS AND ENDS

A heavy task involving a keen sense of responsibility and untiring efforts on the part of the executor will be assigned to either President Hoover or Governor Roosevelt on Tuesday next. It is a position so complex in its nature that the people themselves must faithfully study day by day its workings to have an appreciation in a right perspective of the whole field. Too many devoid of understanding, and uneducated in politics and international problems, are only too prone to point an accusing finger at those in office, censuring them because of prevailing unsatisfactory international relationships and economic ills.

No one is expected to endure leadership based on self-aggrandizement or corruptness. Men elected to office are believed to possess a reasonably broad outlook and an intelligent mind. It is then for the people to be somewhat tolerant, recognizing that unforeseen situations may have arisen causing deviations from the proposed program. After all, a government must be flexible to a certain extent. No government has been or ever will be able to please all the divisions and sub-divisions of society.

It has been said that the greatest difficulty in the way of a proper understanding of President Hoover is due to his quietness. He is not a typical orator, using all the psychological little dodges in speaking to captivate his audiences. Due to Mr. Hoover's quiet methods there comes the complaint that he is not a leader. This fact is not true. His fertile mind has brought forth ideas outnumbering by far those of any of his antagonists. To him the human factor is of the utmost importance. A study of his career in office will show how the organization of unemployed relief, the support given agriculture, the reconstruction of the finance corporation, the Federal Reserve Laws, the support to the Farm Loan Banks, and many more constructive undertakings all tend to help the individual. Mr. Hoover himself was largely, if not fully, responsible for these ventures.

His opposing candidate, Governor Roosevelt, is a man who thoroughly enjoys and is at home in tackling administrative problems. He is a man of confidence, possessing a vigorous personality and loving the crowding contacts with the different people. His first interest is in the theory and practice of government, his second in

people. It is his aim to bring the two more closely together. Mr. Roosevelt's program calls for a decentralization of industry, farm relief through a heavy reduction in rural taxes, and reforestation of marginal lands. He proposes a temporary tariff extension for protection of growers of such great export crops as wheat and cotton. However, he believes that tariff is a foreign policy, and in lieu of this he intends to call at once an international conference to discuss export and import duties. World trade is essential, he claims, for world recovery.

In some quarters of the United States there is some doubt as to the political stability of the country. Some sober-minded and intelligent people wonder whether or not the country is headed toward dictatorship of fascism. Already emergency powers enabling the President to deal promptly and decisively with turns of the economic crisis have been proposed. Other proposals have been a coalition, a cabinet formed from all parties; an economic super-cabinet, drawn from the best financial, industrial and agricultural brains of the country. However, such proposals as emergency powers and conditions may be adopted temporarily without upsetting the fundamentals of politics in America. There are now two or three secret fascist organizations. Will they quietly find their way to the front, is the question. Though such dangers loom on the horizon, yet the Americans have every reason to keep faith in their political constitution to bring them through such hazardous times, as it has done in many former crises.

The province must feel extremely proud of the highway from Edmonton to Calgary, especially the now famous "Death Corner." After all, this latter wonder of road construction has only been with us for a few years; there have only been a few people killed or injured, while cars can't possibly be wrecked there more often than once a week. Rather absurd to give it up now, when nearly everybody knows about it, only the odd person will get hurt. Surely it would be better to gravel some more lanes on the South Side, plant more flower-beds at the Provincial Buildings, rather than undo the splendid work of the last few years, by preventing a mere hundred or so accidents.

Student elections, even class elections, are getting gradually out of the amusing stage into the pathetic. Each year the posters become more flamboyant, while the virtues of the candidates increase proportionately

tual and, probably, is not so gratifyingly accurate as it might be. It has been our misfortune to live three or four blocks away from the plant for some years past, and there has yet to be a summer when the air was reasonably clean at all times, or even for a large part of the time.

Edmonton is promised, through recent paving and boulevard provision, a beautiful drive down the main stem to the Highlands. The sewage plant below the old penitentiary is by no means an eyesore in summer, but my dear! . . . if Mr. Haddow had his nose rubbed in any section of the "juicy" atmosphere thereabouts, Mr. Haddow would not scoff—not if his nose is anywhere near normal in sensitivity and fastidiousness.

Here's a chance for inclusion of a new plank in someone's civic election platform.

Idiot, Coward—or Hero? Jean Harlow's husband committed suicide, as you know, and "left a note," and Jean's father said that any man who was mad enough to kill himself was mad enough to write "such a note." Well, maybe; or maybe not. We fail to see why it is necessary that people who kill themselves must be regarded as mad, "of unsound mind," in practically all cases; we venture to say that the "unsound mind" accusation is unearned by many such men and women.

It is considered a stigma on living relations and what not individuals acquainted with a suicide, to have the suicide considered sane when he does the deed. So to spare their feelings and assuage their sensation of injury all polite people are asked to believe that he was "temporarily unbalanced"; you may even hint at insanity in his family's forebears, and be rated as a most understanding sympathiser, a real friend to the bereaved ones. Very nice, perhaps, but is it logical in foundation as well as nice? Does it help matters any even if illogical? Isn't there another and perhaps better attitude to take? We think there is.

Exit Without Glory? Granted that there are those who are temporarily or permanently unbalanced; granted that there are others who are cowards afraid to face the future because of debts or social crimes; there are many others who commit suicide in a spirit of sacrifice, who rise to an act of such nobility as will never be paralleled by the mealy-mouths who straightway class them with idiots or weak sisters; then there are those, like the head of the Eastman Kodak firm, who feel that their period of usefulness has long passed and that they can do a better thing than live to voice hollow boasts about their pasts or listen to others boast for them—and in some cases, they will, by dying, remove a burden from the shoulders of others: also an instance of sacrifice, maybe, or again, maybe not.

Recently a bishop of one of the large American churches spoke of suicide-committers as cowards, and censured the press for the "advertising" given the Eastman case. Apparently, the bishop anticipated a huge "run" on ground glass, ice-picks, potassium cyanide and other pleasant articles favored by suicides and murderers. Apparently, also, Eastman was a coward too, though we don't see the connection between this inference and the statement "My

The good old U.S.A. flag-waving, like our own, goes on as usual. Roosevelt, Hoover et al (Smith, of course) have but to say those magic words, "The great ideals of the American people which I have striven (or, will strive) to uphold . . ." and the house comes down. Herb Hoover put it across five or six times in one hour and got results without having to pause while his audience realized it was time to applaud again. Another good phrase, which we offer gratis to local mayoral and aldermanic candidates, goes like this: " . . . to maintain those things for which our fathers fought so long and so painfully, for which they built with such loving care." This mouthful is warranted to be a real vote-puller.

Not So Sewer, Mr. Haddow. The city engineer's annual announcement that there is now no smell from the sewage plant near the East End Bridge is gratifyingly pun-

EDUCATION IN EUROPE

This week's article, the third of a series of six by Mr. Sinclair, deals with education in Finland, giving a brief history of its development.—Editorial note.

A brief study of the history of Finland leads us to the belief that this country could profit well from education of the Folk High School type. The Finns have suffered much under the domination of Russia. A law passed in 1850 forbade books, except those on religion and agriculture, to be published. Until recently the Finnish boys had no school that taught in their own language. The Lutheran church was one of the greatest factors in preventing great illiteracy, as their ambulatory schools were the only means of education in the outlying districts. Their preachers were forbidden to marry any couple who could not read, and their educational work was often more than religion.

Finland gained its independence following the great war, and since then has made great strides in education. In 1921 an act was passed making school attendance compulsory for children between the ages of seven and fifteen years; in addition to this they are compelled to take a two-year continuation course. The years before compulsory education were ones of backwardness and depression for the Finnish-speaking people.

Although the Folk High Schools attracted some attention in 1860, it was not until 1880, when the univer-

sity students became active in the work, that anything was accomplished. At this period they had to work secretly, as Russia was opposed to them, and so of necessity they were independent institutions. It is only in recent years that they have received from the government much real support financially. Because of the two languages spoken in Finland, we find Finnish and Swedish schools; at the present time there are thirty-six of the former and fifteen of the latter. There is a strong movement at present to make the Finnish language predominant.

The schools, like those of Denmark, had the great problem of building up a national spirit to preserve that which is Finnish. They are based on the Grundtseigan principles, and have much in common with the Danish schools. It is interesting to find how they are able to give much more practical training without losing their usefulness in cultural education. It is said that the Finns are less material-minded than the Danes, thus there is not so much danger in teaching more practical subjects. Every school has its workshop, where the boys are taught to make tools or other articles needed at home. This is very useful to the farm boys, as much poverty exists in many of the agricultural areas. The girls have their looms, and in this way home industry in weaving is encouraged.

The summer being short, there is little time for the boys or girls to go to school, so a six months' winter course is the general rule. One school, at Orivesi, gives a two-year course. The second year gives an opportunity for specialization. Examinations are given to those pupils who wish them, and certificates are issued merely showing the subjects studied and the degree of proficiency. The schools are all co-educational. The last year's statistics have shown two thousand more girls in attendance than boys.

Farming conditions are improving through the development of co-operatives, and here the school takes an active part. The number of Folk High School students who have become prominent in public affairs is only one more indication of the beneficial effects of this type of education.

Madison, Wis.—The cloistered classroom and the quiet life of the college professor gives him a longer lease on life than the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker, according to a mortality survey undertaken by the Carnegie foundation.

In their retreats from the reality of their world, the professors' age more slowly and cling to life more tenaciously than the average man, a study of the lives of some 400 teachers who receive retiring allowances from the foundation demonstrates.

It also was found that half of the teachers who become professors at an early age enjoyed longer retirement and longer lives.—McGill Daily.

Example of a collective noun—A garbage can.

Ed Hogan to nurse—May I have the last dance with you?

Nurse—You've already had it.—Xaverian.

While on the subject of winter, the annual radiator game is on in the residences—that is, all the heat is turned off about midnight, on the old assumption that it is impossible to differentiate between extremes of temperature.

The mud-slinging to the south of us has just about finished, so that in a few days we shall know who can write an article on "Why I Lost the Presidential Election." Prohibition or non-prohibition, we imagine the result will be all wet anyway.

Work is done" left by the film magazine.

Would the bishop condemn, for religious or other reasons, the man who jumps into the sea to give another his place in a lifeboat, for instance, as a coward? Would you call such a man one who was "mad" or "temporarily insane"? Or would you send his widow a medal and say from your pulpit, if you had one, what a wonderful example his was for us? You would probably fall on the "Greater love hath no man . . ." precept with all enthusiasm, and stamp it and his name on the minds of other generations by means of memorials, poems, and so on. Yet he was just as much a suicide, to our mind, as the man or woman yielding his or her life that the happiness of others might be preserved.

It's an insanity we can admire.

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MILITANT POLLYANNA

A Column of Sometimes Belligerent, Sometimes Tranquil Expressions of What Canadian Youth of Today Is Not Thinking—Subjects for Discussion by Rotary, Kiwanis, and S.C.M.

Edited by Pollyanna Feitelbaum

This column is not conducted by a Non-partisan, Conservative, a Non-partisan Liberal, or a Non-partisan Laborite. I am strictly a Non-partisan Independent. What I say from time to time is not dictated by such captains of industry as the man who sells Flit or the ditto who peddles Buckingham coffin nails. If what I say doesn't agree with you, drop a card in the box provided for cards by The Gateway Editor, telling me wherein I err; I do make mistakes sometimes, but I don't hold myself fully responsible for them, my inspiration source being what it is. (Never mind what it is!)

I might say that there will be times when the dignity of my remarks will lead to use of the editorial "we"—or else "we" appears because the comments containing it were written some time ago and there is no inclination to change it, since I (or we) have a code ad feel fuddy id the dose and head today.

Now We're Off!
Others have done it, so shall we. Speak of George Bernard whose name

terminates with Shaw, we mean. Patriotism, ever a pet irritation of ours, is welcome in the same discussion.

As readers are probably aware, G.B.S. recently voiced a tirade against patriots—an echo of a sentiment he has expressed before—and there have been the usual palliatives applied by "right-thinking" editorial columns here and elsewhere. These palliatives call to mind others, and one in particular, given out during the war period 1914-18, when G.B.S. intimated that it was possible that the Germans were "human beings like ourselves." This remark called forth the indignation (disguised by lame wit of the type that goes big in wartime) of such papers as the Daily Sketch; a retort, given by a real wag, no doubt, was "But then, we all know our G.B.S.!"

In the present instance, friend Journal of this city comes to the rescue of all good patriots once more, but with a somewhat different tone than it did, or would, adopt in wartime. It was admitted that flag-waving and the like was not the true patriotism, that the sincere patriot was usually the silent one. That's fine too, so far as it goes, and we consider it real progress for a "step lightly" organ to come so far in fourteen years. The editorial goes on to speak of flag-wavers as a type distinctly in the minority—at least that is the inference. There are overwhelming indications to the contrary—the flag-waver is as much in evidence, if not more so, than he ever was. Then from us comes the obvious, and condemnatory, suggestion that the editorial is defending the old, old patriotism by disguising it with a sort of "by faith alone" halo; no good reasons are advanced for being "proud of our heritage, etc., etc." as against that of others; no honest granting of confidence in other nations is made, and no cognizance is given of the fact that patriotism is understood through the ages as not an open sesame to co-operation between peoples and is at best a word bandied about by capitalists when they think a war will help their expansion—and how we fall for it!

Now call the firing squad.

The Good Old Stuff
The good old U.S.A. flag-waving, like our own, goes on as usual. Roosevelt, Hoover et al (Smith, of course) have but to say those magic words, "The great ideals of the American people which I have striven (or, will strive) to uphold . . ." and the house comes down. Herb Hoover put it across five or six times in one hour and got results without having to pause while his audience realized it was time to applaud again. Another good phrase, which we offer gratis to local mayoral and aldermanic candidates, goes like this: " . . . to maintain those things for which our fathers fought so long and so painfully, for which they built with such loving care." This mouthful is warranted to be a real vote-puller.

Not So Sewer, Mr. Haddow. The city engineer's annual announcement that there is now no smell from the sewage plant near the East End Bridge is gratifyingly pun-

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THOUGHTS

By T.C.

Who is eligible for college? This problem has led to a great deal of study during the last few years, and is worthy of consideration. The desire for parents to send their sons and daughters to college has spread like wildfire through America, and is rapidly seizing the Canadian people. Men of all races and creeds skimp and save that their progeny may have a better chance in life than they had, a noble example of parental love, but undoubtedly in many cases a fallacy.

Statistics show that two out of every seven students who enter college finally graduate, a very small percentage. A college of course is not the same as a university, but the latter usually includes the functions of the former, and so these figures should interest us.

Colleges today employ the "bookish" method of education, and although it may not be the most desirable, nevertheless anyone who cannot comply with it will certainly be a failure.

Certain standards have been pronounced by educationalists which present interesting reading. One author gives his opinion that the prospective student should have an intelligence quotient of one hundred and twenty, according to the Binet-Stanford test. A student who ranks in the top two-fifths of his class in school should make good material.

The boy or girl who completes high school at sixteen will probably win honors, at seventeen will do very well and at eighteen will be a fair risk. One who does not finish before nineteen, other things being favorable, will be doubtful.

Rapidity of reading is essential, and directly connected with success. Under this criterion one should be able to read no less than three hundred words a minute, and of course have a good grasp of what he has read.

There are other measurements, such as self-mastery, vocabulary and personality. Success is often not so much a question of intellect as one of adoption and suitability.

Much has been said about the depression, its political and pecuniary aspects have been fully discussed, but there is one phase of the question which has been neglected, and which is possibly the most important of all. The effect on many young people is too great to be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Large numbers of young men between the ages of twelve and twenty are drifting aimlessly about, improperly clothed, fed and cared for and

receptive to every kind of crime that exists. No matter how strong a moral training a person has had it soon breaks under the strain of an empty stomach and a cold body.

Boys who have been reared in clean homes rapidly degenerate into unkempt ruffians, boys who are not naturally hoboos, but who have been driven to that life by the present adverse conditions.

When we consider that they are to be the men and women of tomorrow, that on them the country pins its hope for the future, then we can comprehend the loss that occurs every day through this source.

They will grow up with their health impaired, many of them are taken from the box cars every winter sick with such diseases as pneumonia, with their minds warped and twisted from association with the degenerate type of man which inhabits the "jungle."

Worst of all are the shirking habits they acquire, the practice of "getting by" whenever they do find employment.

It would behoove our governments to take steps to help these youngsters to pull them out of the rut into which they have fallen, if not as a humanitarian project, as steps towards saving a future economic resource.

NOTICE TO SR. AND JR. RUGBY PLAYERS

Please return all rugby equipment to Central Check as soon as possible.

ERNE AYRE.

SEZ ME

By F. P. Mac

"Have you any biologicals," she asked the librarian, "of Catharine the Great of Russia?"

If you like to hear jazz that is jazz, you should hear Cab Calloway and his Orchestra, appearing in "The Big Broadcast." It is one of the few real jazz orchestras today. Yes, I know there are plenty of excellent dance orchestras. But the term "jazz" (like the word "classic") covers a multitude of meanings. To know what I mean by genuine jazz, in its strictest sense, hear Cab Calloway. Hear him and his orchestra, and if it leaves you cold, why then you truly don't like jazz—and I pity you. I love Chopin. I love Beethoven. I love Debussy—but when I hear that slow, warm, sensuous rhythm, those strange teasing harmonies, the comic-weird sounds issuing from their instruments, and the absurd "hi-de-hi-de" refrain that Calloway himself wails out, something in me, everything in me, responds with carnal ecstasy.

For it is jazz played by a genius. Yes, I mean genius. Jazzists are born, not made. If you haven't got it in you, you cannot acquire it. Many a talented musician, though he can play everything from Bach's Toccata and Fugue to Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, will tell you that he cannot play jazz, and he is sincere. He simply hasn't got it in him. Thus you will generally find that the best jazz comes from that race to which it is native. Next to Cab Calloway, my choice is the Mills Brothers Quartet.

There are those who say that jazz is nothing but rhythm. To which I always reply, "Ah, but what rhythm!" Now I add: go and hear that study in rhythm as played in the same picture by Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra.

As for the rest of the picture, I could continue to rave over it—and why not? Everybody is in it. Do you like Bing Crosby? I like him more and more every time I see him; and he has a big part in this picture. My favorite comedienne, Grace Allen, with her senseless chatter, is there. And Donald Novis sings "Trees."

MEDICAL CLUB HOLDS MEETING

Mental Processes Among Sub-normal Individuals Discussed

The first regular meeting of the University Medical Club was held Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8 p.m. in Athabasca Lounge. The attendance was such as to set the executive to planning on larger quarters for the next meeting. Dr. D. B. Leitch, of the University Hospital, was the speaker for the evening.

Dr. Leitch made a happy combination of medicine and the characters of Dickens in his talk on "Children Who Never Grow Up." With a wealth of information at his fingertips, he outlined the mental processes of the various types of sub-normal individuals found particularly in David Copperfield, showing how the great writer made lovable and interesting characters of people whose minds had not developed beyond those of children. Numerous witty sidelights of the topic drew laughter from those present again and again.

Business of the evening concerned chiefly the fixing of time and place for ensuing meetings. It was decided that they would be held on the first Thursday of each month, in Athabasca Lounge, at 8 p.m. If any change in the time or place is found necessary, the change will be announced on the bulletin board and in The Gateway.

It was also decided that at each meeting one class would put on a short entertainment in the way of skits, songs, etc., each class having a turn. In drawing for place, the third year drew first. They will entertain for fifteen minutes at the next meeting, and are hard at work with preparation now. Members of other years should see their class representatives to find out when their turn comes, so that they may have the preliminary arrangements made early.

The next meeting of the Med Club will be held on Thursday next, Nov. 10th, Athabasca Lounge, at 8 p.m. Refreshments will be served as usual, and we guarantee that no one will be disappointed with the entertainment provided. Come this time and be convinced. While all Meds belong to the club, this appeal goes particularly to the first years, for the meetings form a good occasion to meet others not in one's own year, and helps one to keep in contact with the subject of medicine in an informal way. So we'll see you all there.

THE MISSING "POME" MAN

By E.J.

We miss our Iles
Of punster fame.
We miss his smiles,
His happy mien.
We miss his step;
That lanky stride;
We miss a friend,
Both true and tried.

again. Many who saw him in that short "The Singing Plumber," that was on at the Capitol with "Movie Crazy" enjoyed it more than they did the feature. And there's Kate Smith, and there's the Boswell Sisters, and there's Arthur Tracy with the beautiful voice and the fascinating Adam's-apple.

But the funniest gag at the theatre that day was quite unintentional, which made it that much more funny.

They were showing the test films of some of the Edmonton contestants for the Panther Woman role. And frankly, they were terrible. What is striking in person very often does not screen well, and here the girls were badly made-up; all in all, they looked pretty awful. The audience laughed. Then suddenly, without a break in the musical background, there flashed on the screen a slide, "The Junior Chamber of Commerce says young men of today can enjoy life without destroying property."

Coming right on the heels of these awful pictures, it was horribly apropos.

EXPOSURES IN ST. STEPHEN'S

Our correspondent from St. Stephen's, whose superior education and bohemian qualities enable him to mingle unquestioned in all levels of society from the lowest to the highest, regales us with some further details which the western dailies will not publish.

The much talked about St. Stephen's hike is once again a thing of the past—for this year. Approximately fifty persons participated, and met as per instructions at the College, sharp at 7:30 p.m., on the night of October 26th. From there they were led, in a more or less military formation, by "Two Gun" Boylan to a place of suitable scenic beauty on the bank of the Saskatchewan, several miles west of the High Level Bridge. Here was found a camp fire, burning merrily in the moonlight, as well as a kitchen staff ready to serve the hikers when refreshments were desired.

The crowd were soon ensconced on the various logs placed near the fire or were seated on the ground on blankets. Entertainment was led by Piccolo Pete Perley and Rube the Rotund Rollicker. A program of songs, duets, quartettes and trios which warbled (or wobbled) forth on the night air was sufficient to convince any skeptic that a good time was being had by all.

It was noticed that one member was having difficulty in supervising the "cuisine," and at the same time looking after the fair young "nurse" friend. However, I believe he proved himself quite equal to the occasion. Refreshments were served about nine o'clock. Due thanks must be given to Mr. MacIntyre and Mr. Wellwood for the manner in which the hike was conducted, and everyone who parti-

"A SOLID LIQUID" CHEM. CLUB SUBJ.

Mr. A. MacDonald Choses Un-usual Subject for Lecture

The Chemistry Club held another meeting Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 4:30, in 142 Mead. Tea and cake were served to those present.

Mr. Edwards, the chairman of the club, brought forward the new business of electing a press representative, as he had been asked to do by The Gateway. Nothing definite was done in this connection.

The chairman then introduced the speaker for the occasion, A. MacDonald, who took as his subject, "A Solid Liquid." This odd title turned out to be glass.

Speaking of the history of glass, Mr. MacDonald said that "the first manufacturers of glass were the Egyptians, who in 6000 B.C. operated Woolworth's imitation jewelry store." So glass is not so young. He stated that, in the 16th century the industry was introduced into Germany and England, and France in the 17th century. Glass is capable of flowing, or bending at ordinary temperature.

The manufacturing of the three types, Barium, Hard and Optical glass were all explained by Mr. MacDonald. The methods of fusion, blowing, rolling and polishing also were described.

Glass is affected by certain bacteria which grow on it, thus making the glass impure. Light also affects glass, especially the ultra-violet ray, which tends to darken the glass. It is this reason which prevents photography plates being used more than once.

Mr. MacDonald brought his lecture to a close by answering questions and leading the discussion on points arising out of his lecture.

HERE AND THERE

By Francis Mariotte

"4 Drops of Lead"

If one cares to walk over to the provincial library situated on the main floor of the parliament buildings, he will find in a glass case "4 drops of lead," better known as musket balls, which were lost by David Thompson while going through the Athabasca Pass in the year 1811. These balls of lead are, say 122 years old. For 113 years they have rested in Athabasca Pass untouched and unnoticed by man until the leather case in which they were carried rotted away, and then in 1923 a passerby while surveying found them. David Thompson courageously explored the west, central British Columbia, and also discovered Athabasca Pass. In 1811 he founded Henry House, about five miles from Jasper. He died in 1812. We never hear very much about him. He is mentioned in history books, there is a cairn in his memory on a hill overlooking the Athabasca River, but he isn't as well known as, say, Joseph Howe or George Brown; yet his discoveries have meant more to Canada than the work of either of these men. Some day he will have monuments put up in his honor instead of a lone cairn.

When one looks up the Athabasca River from Old Man Mountain, The Whistlers, or even Signal, he cannot help but feel the thrill of adventure that was so necessary for Thompson to do his great work. When one looks at those musket balls and knows their history and the history of the man connected with them, he also experiences the desire to seek new fields, to conquer new worlds. To others, I suppose, they are just "4 Drops of Lead."

Leonardo Da Vinci

Leonardo Da Vinci was a great man. He had a personality reflecting the exuberance of youth, so noticeably a characteristic of the age in which he lived. To find a more versatile man one must go a long way. Leonardo was not only a painter, but an engineer, musician, inventor, scientist, poet, naturalist and mathematician. Leonardo not only had the genius of the Renaissance, but he also had the spirit. No man could paint the Last Supper without putting his whole personality into it. Merejowski depicts Leonardo as a gentle, kind, forgiving man, always seeking for new information, but always able to help his pupils. A man permeated

with the spirit of love. Love of his fellow man, love of his work and love of art, literature and science. Today there aren't very many men like Leonardo.

He was a fine example of a man who had combined knowledge with the true spirit of understanding. An example of a man who fashioned his life in such a way as to get the true value of living, a man who obtained happiness and yet did not cause unhappiness to others. He was an engineer in one of Caesar Borgia's campaigns, yet he could turn from this work long enough to paint beautiful pictures. To know Leonardo Da Vinci one should read several books; to even mention his name one should read Dmitri Merejowski's book, "The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci," considered as one of the finest historical romances ever written. What we need today is more men like Leonardo Da Vinci.

Lately we have talked to several queer individuals about diverse things in general, and in these talks we have found two very different people—that is, different in that they are similar to one another and different from the mass of people. Both of them claimed that they were sick of the city life—odd that, isn't it? We asked them what they expected to do about it. To this we got a very definite, concrete and surprising answer. Each expressed the desire and hope to build a two-storey, six-room log cabin as soon as finances permitted—not in the city—but rather close to town, on a lake-front preferably, and near good roads. To live in this abode and to work in the city. In other words, to make the years a combination of urban and rural life. It sounds to some uninteresting, to others impractical, to others inviting. Let's consider costs. Peeled varnished logs for such a structure plus work and one acre of land can be secured for \$1,500-\$2,000 dollars total cost. Electric light and water system \$500. Thus for \$2,000-\$2,500 one has all the necessary urban comforts, an attractive home and the satisfying of the desire to live with nature, to be away from the crowd, to be able to enter urban activities at will, and to get a chance to breathe, looking upon the poor struggling city taxpayer with a mixed feeling of pity and appreciation. The idea appeals to us—to many it is ridiculous.

Several days ago strange sounds permeated through the corridors about 1:30 in the afternoon. Having had sinker pudding that day, I thought that someone had eaten more than his share and was suffering the consequences. To make sure, I started to trace the sounds to their source. With my best ear forward the noises led me to the basement, where they grew much louder and more distinct. I finally found myself in front of a door, from the other side of which the sounds issued. Slowly pushing the door slightly open, I was greatly surprised to find that it was only the St. Stephen's quartet practising for their next appearance, which is to take place at Onoway, Nov. 3.

THE FLIT GUN

(Quick! Henry! The Flit!)

By L. L. A.

The title of this column is copyright in all languages, including the North American Indian and Eskimo dialects by Bert Cairns, and is here used by special permission of the Copyright Owner.

The recent much discussed Economic Conference held at Ottawa bids fair to have at least one beneficial result. It has alarmed certain interests in the United States sufficiently to cause them to entertain fairly seriously some idea of a treaty of reciprocity between that country and Canada. We believe that a reciprocal trade agreement between Canada and the United States, if carefully worked out and properly applied, would be of great benefit to both countries concerned.

High tariffs, seldom conducive to healthy economic growth under any circumstances, are particularly ridiculous, not to say detrimental, when applied as between the United States and Canada. The geographical boundary between these two countries is just about as artificial as any boundary line in the world. The plain facts of the matter are that the North American continent should be recognized as a single economic unit, and in attempting to split it up we are simply letting ourselves in for increased costs of production, of transportation, and in fact for all sorts of difficulty.

If, however, the imposition of tariffs simply resulted in a natural increase in the cost of articles due to increased production costs there might be some very slight argument for them. Unfortunately they are used by all too many manufacturers as a shield behind which they can artificially raise prices far above any increased costs of production, the extra increase of course representing surplus profits to the manufacturer. This brings us around to a little story,

said to be entirely authentic, which we feel is appropriate as a conclusion to this dissertation on tariffs.

The story occurred on a train in Eastern Canada, bound in the direction of Ottawa. Two men sitting in the smoking compartment of a sleeping-car fell to talking, and in the course of the conversation one happened to ask the other the reason for his visit to Ottawa. The latter was apparently an unusually honest man, for his reply was:

"Well, I happen to be representing a group of shoe manufacturers. I'm going to Ottawa to ask for an increase in the tariff against imported shoes, and I don't mind telling you that if we get it we're going to increase the price of shoes in Canada by just the amount of the increase in tariff."

Cameron Grant complains that the hospital should be built closer to The Gateway office.

The Provincial Government has recently announced that, commencing with the spring of 1933, it would distribute small spruce trees free of charge to farmers. These trees are being grown on the provincial farm at Oliver, and the cost of the scheme to the government will be comparatively small. It is the intention that these trees should be used in planting windbreaks on farms, particularly in the more treeless areas of the province, and for general farm beautification. Altogether, we believe that if it works successfully it will prove to be one of the best plans of this type evolved for some time. The Provincial Government is to be complimented in entering upon this type of work.

Ted Bishop: What do you know about that math?
Bob Scott (absently): Yeah.
Ted Bishop: I thought so.
(Joke)

Cambridge, Mass (I.P.)—Indignant freshmen in the south section of Harvard's yard are planning a protest to the college authorities. The difficulty revolves around the question as to whether or not roosters are entitled to crow in the yard at four a.m., when all good Harvard boys should be asleep.

Soundly sleeping freshmen were aroused before dawn the other morning by a vigorous racket that seemed quite out of place in a college dormitory. The noises, it developed, came from roosters forming part of a menagerie kept in Boylston Hall for psychological tests by Dr. Berie Hugh Elliott, who is studying the reactions of roosters after eating.

Residents of adjoining dormitories say if Dr. Elliott wants to make some startling discoveries he should be on hand to study the reactions of freshmen when they're awakened at 4 a.m.—Queen's Journal.

The worst election mixup in years with false reports, stuffed ballot boxes, ineligible candidates combined action, and tie votes, will necessitate a new election for class officers on the Denver University campus this fall.—Sheaf.

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